CALIBER™
COMICS
ISSUE 12
$2.95 USA $4.25 CAN

THE JAM

URBAN ADVENTURE

THE ILLUSTRATION ABOVE IS GOING TO BE PART OF THE ART FOR A **CD** COMPILATION FROM **SPARE ME RECORDS** OUT OF STATEN ISLAND. THE PACKAGE ALSO FEATURES THE ART OF **ROBERTA GREGORY** AND **EVAN DORKIN**. MUSIC FROM OVER 20 DIFFERENT BANDS, INCLUDING A SONG FROM ME, **BERNIE MIREAULT**. I'M WORKING ON A CD/COMIC THINGIE FOR THEM. A DREAM COME TRUE. BUT WAIT-- **THE JAM** MARCHES ON! I HAVE A FEW PEOPLE TO THANK FOR CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS BOOK. THANKS FIRST OF ALL TO **RUPERT BOTTENBERG** AND **MARC BELL** FOR THEIR STORIES IN THIS ISSUE. ALSO, THEY BOTH INKED NUMEROUS BACKGROUND CHARACTERS IN THE GALLERY SEQUENCE. **DAVID ABU BACHA** DID THE SAME, AS WELL AS DRAWING CATS (PG. 2 PANEL 4) AND ANGRY WOMEN. (Pg. 27, PANELS 1-2.) IT'S MIND BLOWING TO BE ABLE TO WORK WITH SUCH TALENTED PEOPLE. I MUST ALSO MENTION **BILLY MAVREAS, LUC GIARD** AND **RICK TREMBLES** BECAUSE I USED THEIR ART FOR THE VARIOUS PROPS IN THE BASEMENT SCENE. WHAT A CREW! THANKS, PEOPLE.

RUPERT BOTTENBERG AND **MARC BELL** WOULD LIKE IT TO BE KNOWN THAT THEY ARE WORKING ON SEVERAL MINI-COMICS TOGETHER. IF YOU EVER SEE A MINI CALLED "**ARBEITEES**", THAT'S THEM.

IN ISSUE #10, I MISSPELLED A CONTRIBUTOR'S NAME. THAT CONTRIBUTOR WAS **ÉRIC THÉRIAULT**, AND I GOT IT RIGHT THIS TIME SO TAKE NOTE. I WOULD ALSO LIKE TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO THANK EVERYONE WHO HAS EVER TAKEN THE TIME TO WRITE ME AND LET ME KNOW ABOUT WHAT THEY THOUGHT REGARDING **THE JAM**. EVEN THOUGH I CAN RARELY FIND THE EXTRA ENERGY REQUIRED TO WRITE BACK (WE HAVE TWO KIDS.) I GET A MAJOR BOOST FROM THE ENCOURAGING ONES. THEY HELP KEEP ME GOING. IF YOU ENJOYED THIS BOOK, TELL A **FRIEND**. AS ALWAYS, COMMENTS ON THIS ISSUE CAN BE SENT TO: 5586 CLARK ST., MONTRÉAL, QC., **CANADA!** H2T 2V4

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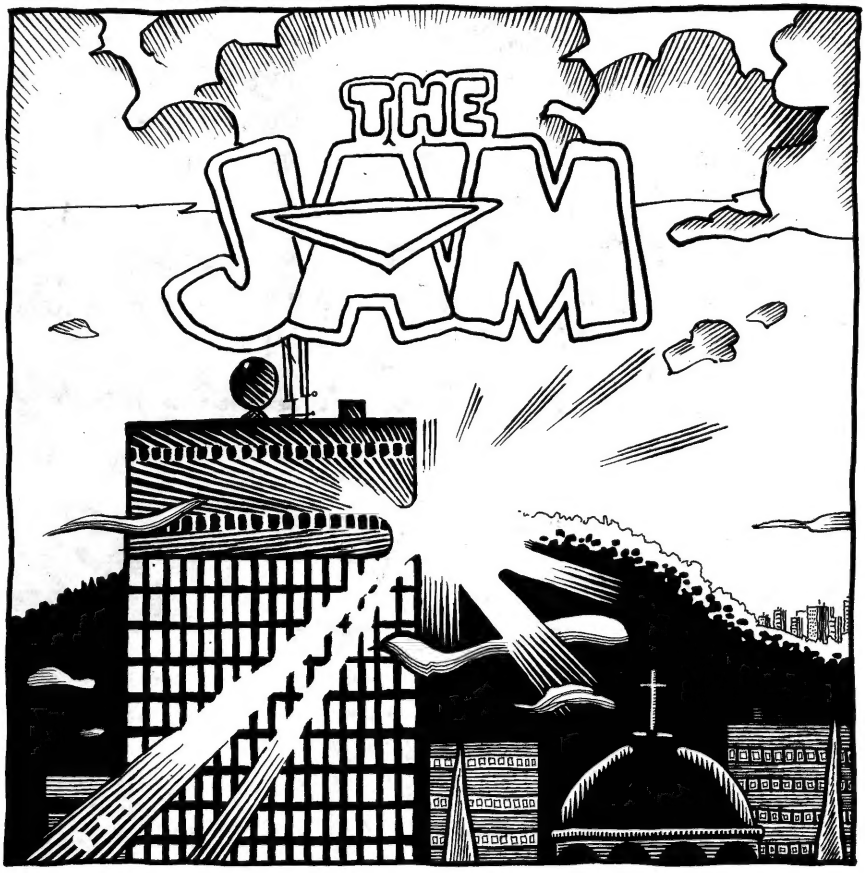
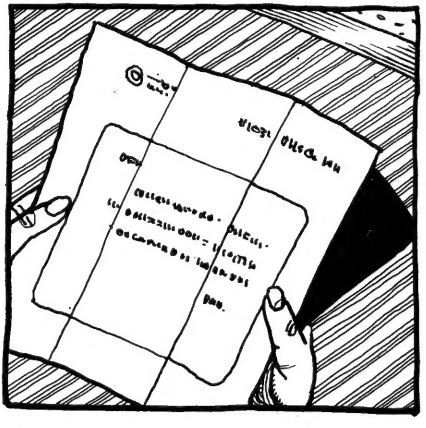
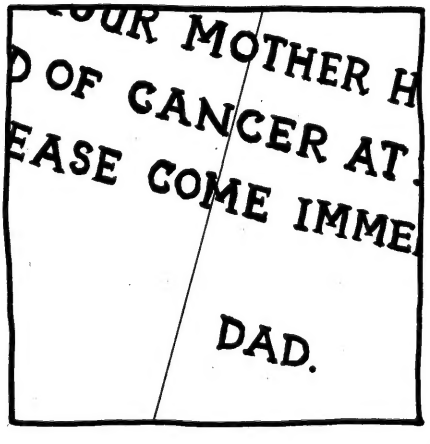
WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY BERNIE MIREAULT. ©℗©©℗℗○©℗* EDITED BY JIM PRUETT.



BZZZZZZK!
YES?
TELEGRAM.
TELEGRAM?!
I'LL COME DOWN, ONE MINUTE, OKAY?
I'VE NEVER GOTTEN A TELEGRAM BEFORE! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

URGENT



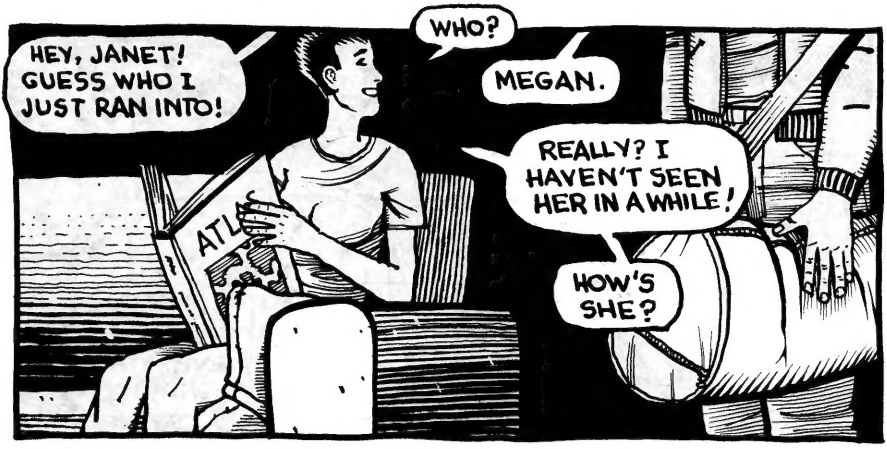

OUR MOTHER H
D OF CANCER AT
EASE COME IMME
DAD.

MOM!

RRRRINGG
RRRRINGG
RR*HELLO?
MOM!
MEGAN, YOU HURT MY EAR.
EXCUSE ME?
MOM...
... I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD.

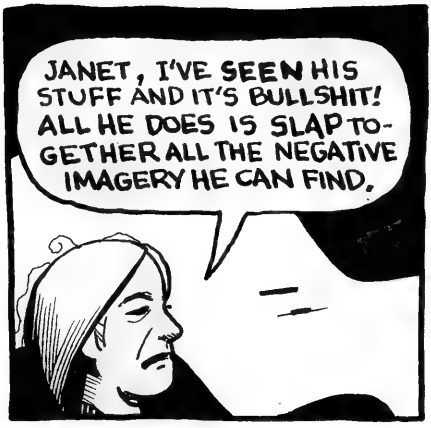
NAL
CTS
BUANDERIE.
MEGAN?
NO
GORDIE!
HI!
I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN MONTHS!
THAT'S BECAUSE I HAVEN'T DONE MY LAUNDRY IN MONTHS.

MEGAN TELLS GORDIE HER STORY.



GORDIE TELLS JANET MEGAN'S STORY.

KLEE SHONIN! HIS NEW EXHIBIT AT THE COOPER BUILDING ON ST. LAURENT!
AWWWW.
MY AUNT ORGANIZED IT. SHE GAVE US SOME INVITATIONS! I TOLD YOU LAST WEEK!


JANET, I'VE SEEN HIS STUFF AND IT'S BULLSHIT! ALL HE DOES IS SLAP TOGETHER ALL THE NEGATIVE IMAGERY HE CAN FIND.

GORDIE, DON'T BACK OUT ON ME NOW! COME WITH US!
WHY?!

I'LL JUST BE A WET BLANKET. I CAN'T STAND THAT CROWD!

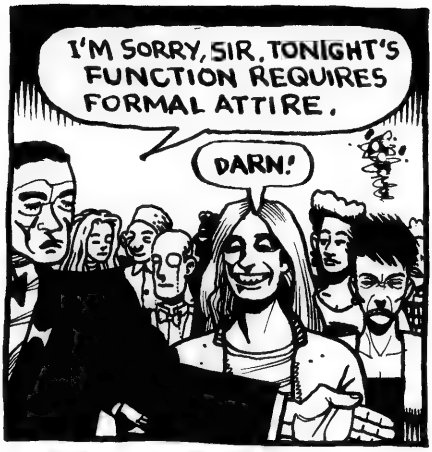
WE DON'T HAVE TO STAY LONG. I JUST WANT TO SHOW MY AUNT I DIDN'T WASTE THE INVITATIONS!

PLEASE?

RRRRRRR.

THANKS!
I'LL CALL MEGAN.

INVITATIONS, PLEASE.
STUDIO
KLEE SHONIN


I'M SORRY, SIR. TONIGHT'S FUNCTION REQUIRES FORMAL ATTIRE.
DARN!

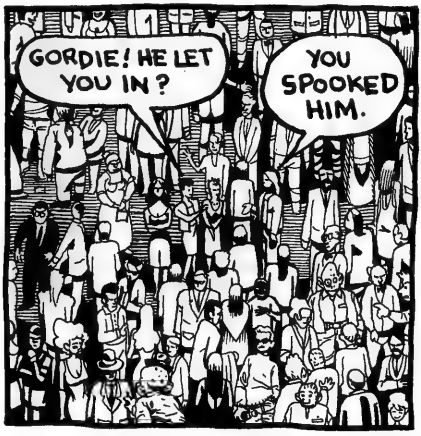
LOOK, JANET. IT'S FOR THE BEST. I'LL SEE YOU AT HO--
NO! I'M GOING TO GET MY AUNT. SHE'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS APE!
I RESENT THAT.
KLEE SHONIN

YOU WAIT HERE, OK?
YEAH, YEAH.

WHO'S HER AUNT?
I DON'T KNOW.
KLEE SHONIN

OKAY.
GO IN.

ARE YOU SURE? I MEAN, IT'S SUCH A PRIVILEGE TO BREATHE THE CIGARETTE SMOKE OF THE JET-SET.
SURELY, I AM NOT WORTHY!


GORDIE! HE LET YOU IN?
YOU SPOOKED HIM.

GORDIE, MEET MY AUNT ZOE.
HI.
WELL, HELLO!

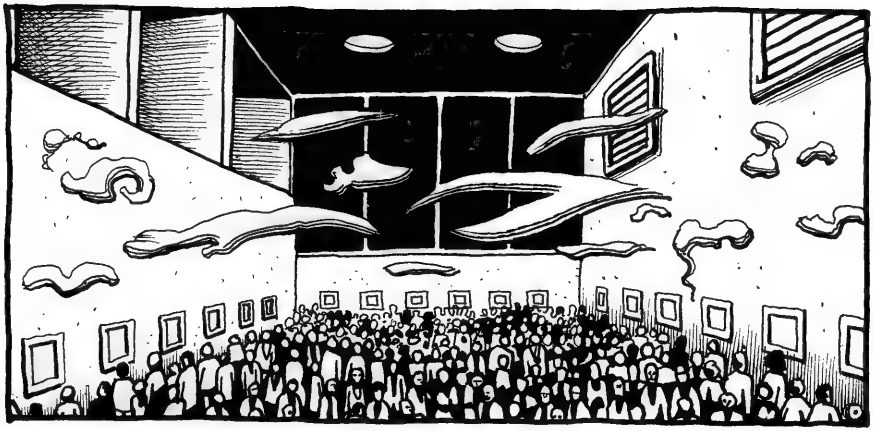
SO THIS IS YOUR MYSTERIOUS YOUNG MAN! DELICIOUS!

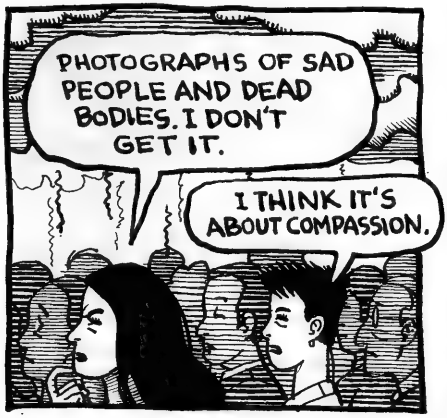
JANET TOLD ME ALL ABOUT YOU, BUT SHE NEVER MENTIONED YOUR HAIR!
MY HAIR?

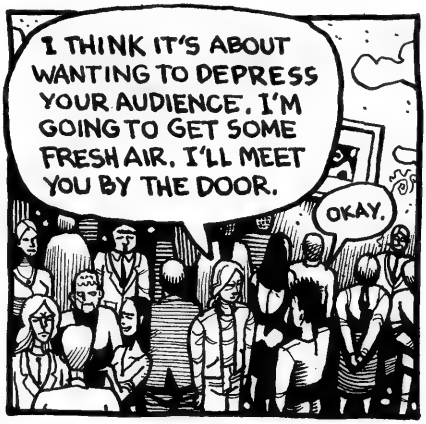
IT'S SO BEAUTIFUL! FEEL IT! SO SOFT! HOW DO YOU GET IT THAT WAY?
I DON'T TORTURE IT.

HEY!
WHAT SAY WE CHECK OUT THE EXHIBITION, GORDIE? 'BYE, AUNTIE! THANKS FOR THE PASSES!
CIAO!

GORDIE, YOU BE NICE! AUNTIE'S A DEAR! WHY ARE YOU BEING SO RUDE?
MY APOLOGIES, MADAME. I AM NOT WELL. I HAVE A BAD SCOFF.




PHOTOGRAPHS OF SAD PEOPLE AND DEAD BODIES. I DON'T GET IT.
I THINK IT'S ABOUT COMPASSION.

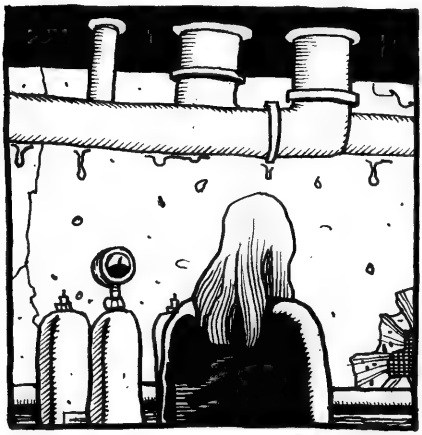

I THINK IT'S ABOUT WANTING TO DEPRESS YOUR AUDIENCE. I'M GOING TO GET SOME FRESH AIR. I'LL MEET YOU BY THE DOOR.
OKAY.

G1 - G17

AND WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE?

COMIC ART SHOW
C17

OKAY.
C10-C17



CLICK

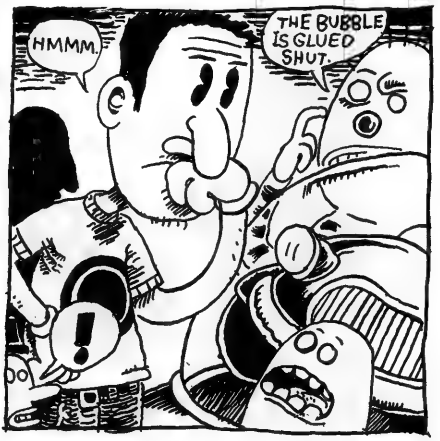
UP
IMPRIMERIE
QUEBECOR
MONTRÉAL
(RONALDS)

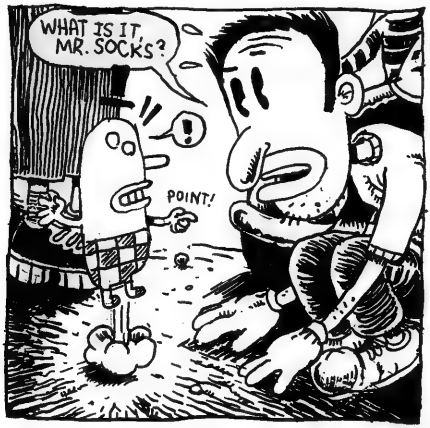
CAR
TROUBLE

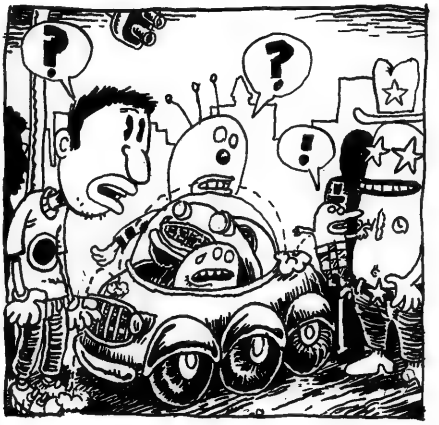
CAR TROUBLE
Marc Bell 95

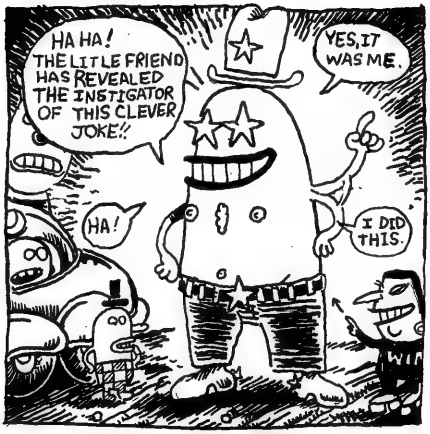
WHAT'S THIS?
FRIG! JEEZ!
TOO BAD!
UH!

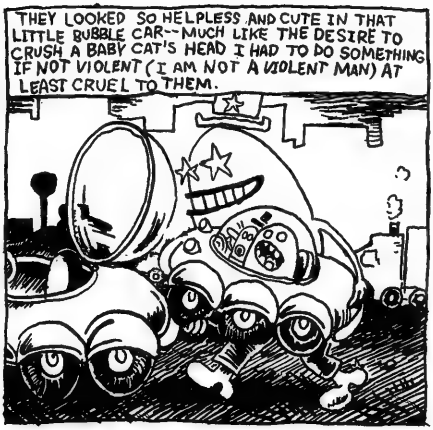
WHAT HAPPENED CHIA-MAN?
I PARKED MY BUBBLE CAR AND WENT TO GET A COLD DRINK. I THEN CAME OUT AND BINGO BANGO MANS CAR WAS LODGED INSIDE MINE..
HEH HEH.
TUF LUK!
WIN


HMMM.
THE BUBBLE IS GLUED SHUT.

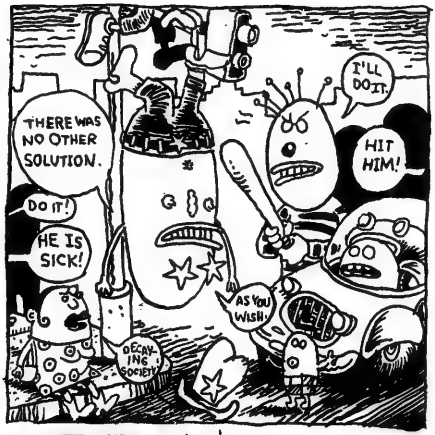

WHAT IS IT, MR. SOCKS?
POINT!

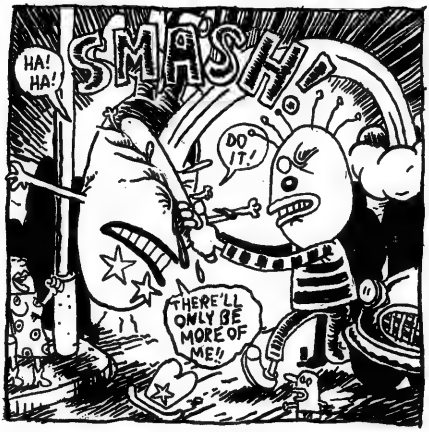

?
?
!

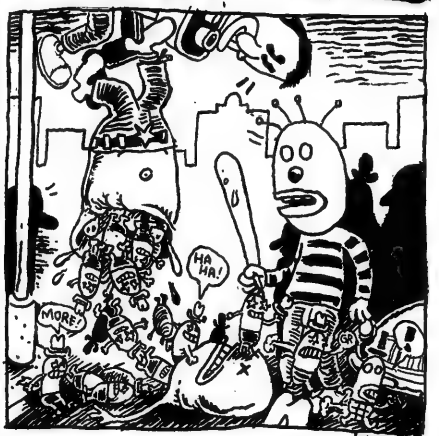

HA HA! THE LITLE FRIEND HAS REVEALED THE INSTIGATOR OF THIS CLEVER JOKE!!
YES, IT WAS ME.
HA!
I DID THIS.

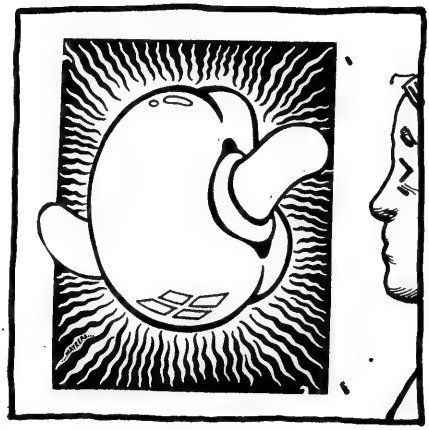

THEY LOOKED SO HELPLESS AND CUTE IN THAT LITTLE BUBBLE CAR--MUCH LIKE THE DESIRE TO CRUSH A BABY CAT'S HEAD I HAD TO DO SOMETHING IF NOT VIOLENT (I AM NOT A VIOLENT MAN) AT LEAST CRUEL TO THEM.

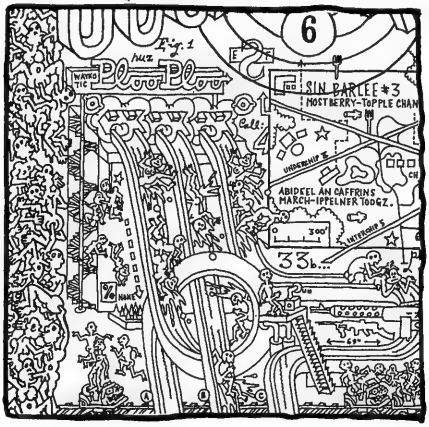
"I THEN PUT THEM IN YOUR CAR, CHIA-MAN, AND GLUED IT SHUT. I DO APOLOGIZE FOR ANY INCONVENIENCE I HAVE BESET UPON YOU ALL --HOWEVER, I MUST ADMIT IT IS SOMETHING I HAD TO DO ONCE THE THOUGHT ENTERED MY HEAD
LITTLE BASTARDS!
HA!
?


THERE WAS NO OTHER SOLUTION.
I'LL DO IT.
HIT HIM!
DO IT!
HE IS SICK!
AS YOU WISH
DECAYING SOCIETY

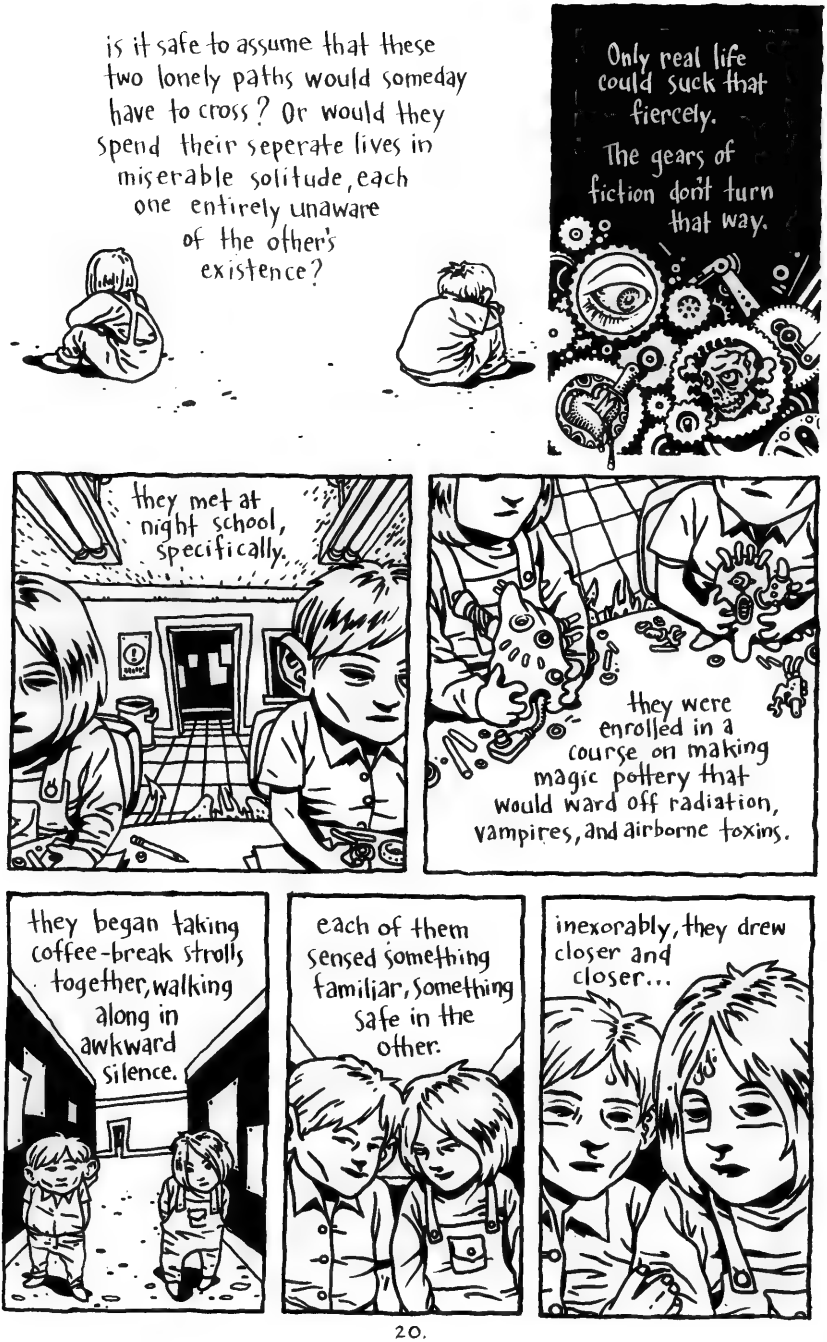

SMASH
HA! HA!
DO IT!
THERE'LL ONLY BE MORE OF ME!!


HA HA!
MORE!
END




6
SIN PARLEE #3
MOSTBERRY-TOPPLE CHAN
ABIDEEL AN CAFFRINS
MARCH-IPTELNER TOOGZ.
ZOO
33b...

x-ray Love
a romantic fable by
RUPERT BOTTENBERG
©1995
So there was this young woman named Susan, who had a ball of fire living inside her.
the fire would leap forth from her mouth in a jet of white heat whenever Susan became anxious or upset in any way.
in order to spare those around her the hazards of her temperament, she taught herself to swallow the flames back down.
the pain of doing so was awful, and as a result, Susan spent most of her time alone.
most human interaction made Susan anxious and upset.
not unlike Susan in the nature of his condition was this guy named Richard. Richard had an enchanted salamander inside him.
when tensions caused Richard's bowels to constrict...
... the creature crawled up and settled in his throat.
this made it impossible for Richard to communicate.


is it safe to assume that these two lonely paths would someday have to cross? Or would they spend their seperate lives in miserable solitude, each one entirely unaware of the other's existence?
Only real life could suck that fiercely.
The gears of fiction don't turn that way.
they met at night school, specifically.
they were enrolled in a course on making magic pottery that would ward off radiation, vampires, and airborne toxins.
they began taking coffee-break strolls together, walking along in awkward silence.
each of them sensed something familiar, something safe in the other.
inexorably, they drew closer and closer...

and, uh...
now, salamanders, being spawns of hell, love to eat fire, so of course this one jumped down Susan's throat...
...and curled up inside her.
Richard was able to speak freely at last, and the first thing he said made Susan wish she could spit a sky full of fireworks.
Susan still had a spark in her, and she rose to prominence as spokesperson for the new 'mutant's rights' lobby, demanding the de-criminalization of public toxic discharge and acts of self-sodomy.
Richard discovered that he possessed a first-rate singing voice, and he began a career as an ersatz-eurotrash pop 'artist'.
as for the salamander, he established a telepathic correspondence with a lime-skinned Venusian princess, and together they unlocked the mysteries of the universe. Can you beat that?
the end

EXCUSE ME, BUT THIS PART OF THE FACILITY IS CLOSED FOR THE NIGHT.
BUT THERE'S A GREAT EXHIBIT HIDDEN HERE!
THE REAL EXHIBIT IS UPSTAIRS.
ARE YOU KIDDING?! THAT SHIT UPSTAIRS SHOULD BE DOWN HERE AND THIS STUFF SHOULD BE UP THERE!
PLEASE RETURN TO THE RECEPTION AREA, SIR.
NOW.

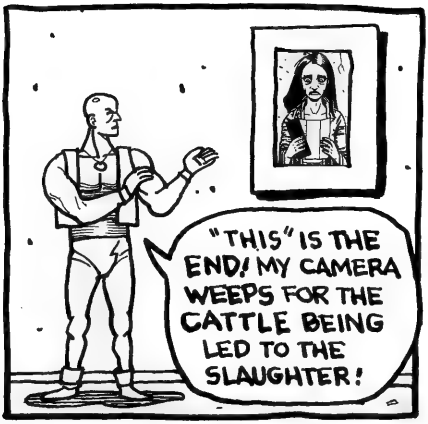
...IS ALL PART OF THE METAPHOR. IN THIS PIECE I WAS AT A MINE CAVE-IN IN NOVA SCOTIA.
TO ME, THE ANGUISH ON THE RESCUE WORKER'S FACE IS OF SPECIAL INTEREST!
IT IS THROUGH THESE MASKS OF PAIN THAT MY MUSE SPEAKS TO ME.

MR. SHONIN, NOW THAT YOU'VE DONE...THIS, WHAT'S NEXT?

AFTER "THIS"?!
DO YOU EVEN COMPREHEND WHAT "THIS" IS?

HEYYYYYYY! THAT'S HIM? NICE!
MMMM.

HE COULD GET A GRANT FROM ME ANYTIME!

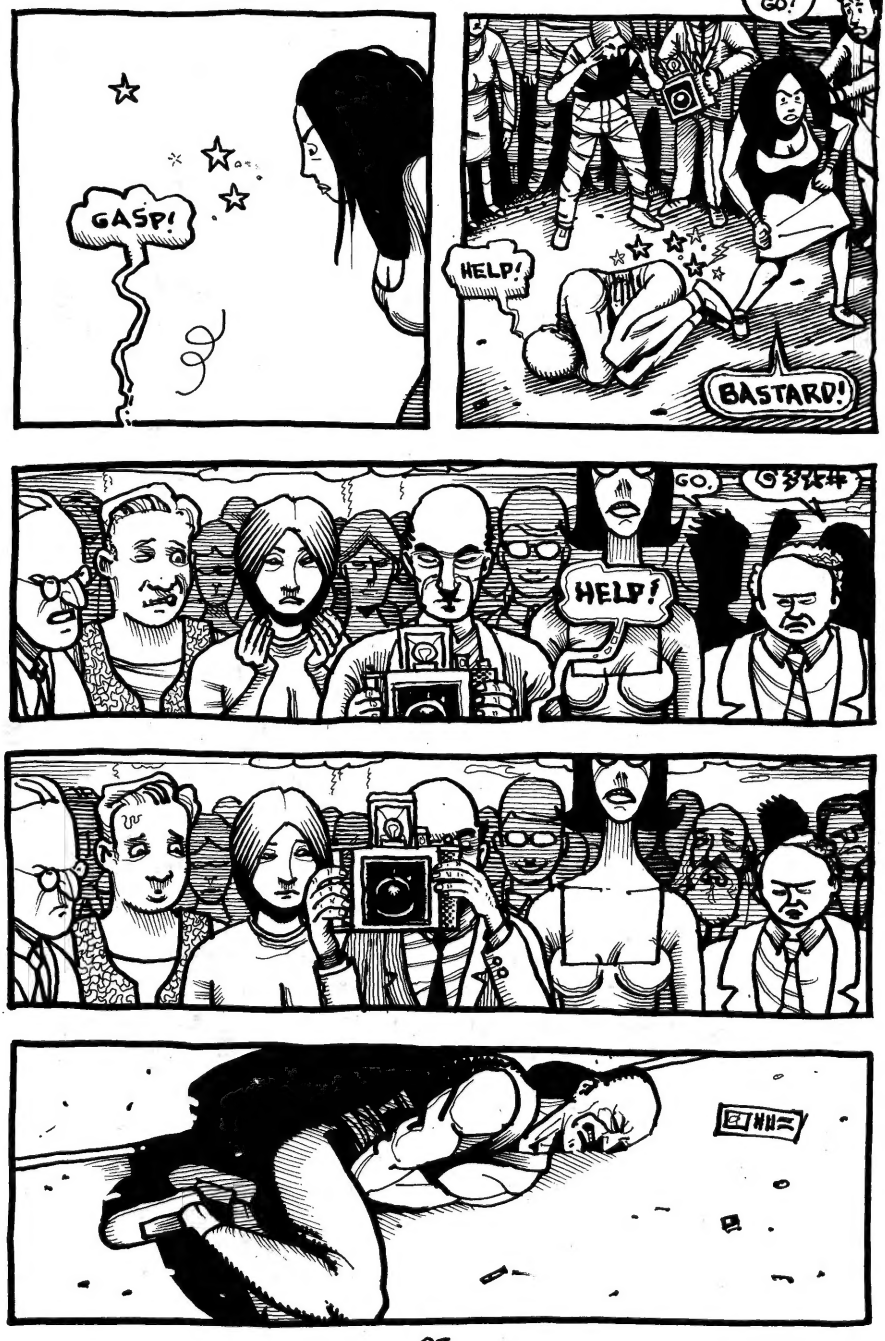

"THIS" IS THE END! MY CAMERA WEEPS FOR THE CATTLE BEING LED TO THE SLAUGHTER!

WHAT'S WRONG, JANET?
MEGAN, THAT PICTURE...

...IT'S YOU!

SONUVABITCH!
MY PHOTOGRAPHS ARE PROPHESY OF THE GREY TIME WHEN WE WILL EAT EACH OTHER!
I HAVE BEEN CHOSEN TO RECORD THE END.™
THIS COLLECTION OF PAIN IS BUT THE FIRST CHAPTER IN A BOOK WITH MANY PAGES.
YOU DID IT!
MEGAN!

AAA!


GASP!
LET'S GO!
HELP!
BASTARD!
GO.
HELP!
BANG

JANET TELLS GORDIE MEGAN'S STORY PART II.

BEM'96

GIARD
1995
BEM